The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

OF MATTERS EDUCATIONAL

I.

IT IS all very interesting, this conspiracy of the State to educate the young to its own liking. Most interesting are the steps taken by the savants to keep the students' extra-curricular activities in conformance with the straight and narrow. We have at hand a sketch,written by a student of one of our state universities, which was published in a self-confessed literary magazine, and which created no little trouble for its writer and for the editor of the journal in which it appeared. The article itself is easy to analyze: it is quite plainly the vaporing of an adolescent, prurient mind; the effluvium of a mentality which delights in seeing its own smutty thoughts in print; the triumph of a mind which relishes the knowledge that such ideas are exhibited to a great number of readers. The reaction of the university powers to the appearance of the article is not so easy to analyze. The logical thing for them to have done would have been to discharge the editor solely on the grounds of utter incompetence, for an editor who would print such rubbish is nothing if not incompetent, and to have removed the writer to some sanitarium, where he might have been put on an appropriate diet, and given the attention of attendants who would keep him out of mischief, under which happy auspices he might have developed into one of the useful citizens we hear so much about. Far from doing this, these powers established an inquisition in which the writer of the offending article was found guilty of base intent to undermine the morals of his fellow students, to give the school the reputation of being a den of iniquity, and to give our whole glorious educational system a black eye, and the editor was condemned as an accessory before the fact. The magazine was suppressed, and in the discussion which appeared in the daily papers and on the campus, the whole affair took on an air of martyrdom—martyrdom to pruriency, to be sure, but martyrdom (with all its concommitant sympathy) for all that. The august inquisitors are now no doubt twiddling their thumbs, happy in the conviction that they have once more put down a fiendish attack on the morals of the young entrusted to their care—the morals which they are at such great pains to mould and safeguard.

For a system which admits of such administerial blunders as this, there is very little hope. Some small measure of true culture would have told these powers that the course they pursued was the greatest mistake that could have been made, but no, they must needs take the article with the same puerile seriousness, and with the same cross-eyed moral outlook as that in which it was offered; they must needs give the affair a semblance of a combat between the powerful forces of good and evil, instead of giving an object lesson in Culture's correction of boyish stupidity. In the face of such imbecile activity on the part of men who are supposed to be qualified to bring students to the fullest possible cultural development, is it any wonder that the greatest number of college graduates are only superficially interested in cultural subjects, that the greatest number of students who have extraordinary natural ability become disgusted and drop out before fulfilling the artificial requirements for a degree, and that the graduates who do take their academic work seriously, are the educated fools who continue in educational endeavor, and become stodgy, stupid professors, who carry on just such a tradition as is exemplified by the affair of the literary magazine which blundered, and the inquisition which blundered more gravely in trying to cope with the false step? The remedy for this idiotic round is very difficult of attainment, for as Mr. Chesterton points out, if we are going to breed a superior race of men much as a man breeds a superior strain of pigs, we must find a man who is as superior to ordinary men as the breeder is to the pigs, and such a man is very hard to find. The analogy should be obvious.

II.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries have proclaimed themselves very pleased with an editorial which appeared in "Liberty" recently. It seems that the writer of this particular editorial discovered that the study of Greek and Latin was not entirely useless, and felt it incumbent upon himself to notify his readers of the fact. Very patiently he outlined his argument that a knowledge of the classic tongues was a splendid foundation for the knowledge of any modern tongue, that a knowledge of one or more modern tongues was practically indispensible to success in modern business, and since success in modern business in tacitly the ultimate good, therefore, what the people have previously looked upon as a stubborn error of the academists really has its merits after all, and is to be condoned with proper reservations. As we say, some few college editors were happy to learn this, and congratulated themselves and their readers in the knowledge that the several years they had spent in the study of these subjects were not years spent wholly in vain.

It is to be hoped that no one at Saint Mary's looks to "Liberty" for vindication of the worth of his scholastic pursuits, but as it has become the custom of a certain type of student to judge the worth of college education by such standards, we suppose that there are some among us to whom "Liberty's" laboriously extended platitude would appear as timely and pertinent inspiration.

This is hardly pleasing, but it is certainly not surprising. For "Liberty" has consistently lent itself to the cause of flattering the small business man in its editorials. It has defended him from the onslaughts of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, not that he or any one else needed protection against the estimable Mr. Lewis, since no one needs protection against an unloaded gun, but simply for the sake of the grandiose gesture of defense. It has told him that he is the most intelligent being the world has yet produced, and has cited the facts that a clerk wouldn't live in the filth which surrounded Shakespeare, nor wouldn't live in a kimona in a warm country like Socrates, to prove it. And the standards "Liberty" flatters are the standards which send most innocents to college, and these same standards form both the guidance and the aim of the administration of most of our universities. If you can untangle this intricate mess, you will find why so many educational hearths are gladdened when "Liberty" assures them all's well.

—R. B. M.

THE A. P. G. U. LUNCHEON

IT IS the time honored traditions and customs of a college, perhaps more than anything else, that inspire that love and loyalty to their Alma Mater which is so strong in the hearts of all true college men; it is the love born of that indefinable "college spirit" that draws the "old grads" back to the scenes of their happy school days and makes the recollections of the hours spent in the classroom and on the athletic field the sweetest of all memories; and it is the Saint Mary's spirit, deeply felt and appreciated only by true sons of Saint Mary's, that arouses these sons to support to the best of their abilities all activities which add to the honor and glory of their Alma Mater.

With these thoughts in mind, The Collegian takes great pleasure at this time in pledging its whole-hearted support to the success of the A. P. G. U. Football Luncheon—which is a traditional event anticipated with pleasure—and hoping that its interest and enthusiasm will be shared by all those who read it.

As most of us already know, this luncheon is an annual affair sponsored by the A. P. G. U. Society in honor of Saint Mary's Varsity Football Team. This year more than any other time in our athletic history we have a football team of which any institution in the entire country might well be proud. We are mighty proud of our boys and we accept with pleasure the opportunity of publicly proving the high regard in which we hold them by attending the annual luncheon.

The A. P. G. U. Luncheon not only honors the members of the football squad, but it also brings together in friendly contact the instructors, graduates, students and friends of the college. It is this personal touch between the members of the faculty, students and graduates that strengthens the bond of love for the college and affords real pleasure to all concerned. The "old boys" meet their instructors of former years and talk over old times, the undergraduates and members of the team become acquainted with the athletes of other years, and a warm friendship springs up between young and old.

Besides these things, let us not forget that the big game of the season with Santa Clara is but a short time away. We need the support of all our friends in this contest and we want them all on hand to cheer us on to victory. What better way could be found to create interest and enthusiasm than by such a meeting as the A. P. G. U. Luncheon? The committee

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LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

POPULARITY OF THE DRAMA

WE OBTAIN a pretty good idea of the drama from Shakespeare's lines, "The world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." The drama and life are very similar, just as a man's picture is very similar to himself, for the one is the representation of the other. The drama is not life, just as a man's picture is not the man himself, but is the representation of life; a real picture and one that bears a great resemblance to that which it portrays.

It is not surprising, then, that the drama should make an appeal in every age and should date back to time immemorial; to the time when books were unknown and when that which was cherished by preceding generations was handed down by tradition, by word of mouth. Likewise, it is not surprising that every country should have its dramas, its portrayals of life and character. Man delights in seeing portrayals of himself and of others with whom he has come in contact. The picture of real character and experience which coincides with his, and which conveys to him real vital meaning, appeals to him. The real drama has always appealed to man and will continue to appeal to him as long as human nature remains the same. Carlyle never uttered a more truthful statement than when he said that Homer appeals to us today, not because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece and two centuries before he was born, but because he wrote what passed in God's world and in the heart of man which is the same after thirty centuries. What Carlyle said of the works of Homer, we might say of the real drama. It interests us and is popular, not merely because of the story it conveys to us, but because of the picture of real character, of the revelation of experience that is vital, meaning much to and evoking a response from us.

Today, in the age of the moving picture, the drama is still quite popular, because human nature has not changed, having its same essential likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds. Today, when one would be tempted to think that the moving pictures would drive the drama from the stage, we see the latter holding its own and even increasing in popularity. In magazines that are worthy of note we discover articles discussing the technique and appeal of the drama, both modern and ancient. Criticisms upon criticisms of up-to-date dramas abound in these magazines. One is surprised when his attention is drawn to the number of plays that are being put forth today. In standard magazines, such as "America," "The Catholic World," and "The Commonweal," there are as many as nine or ten drama reviews in many of the issues, and something on drama in every issue.

Leaving aside the modern play we find that the "old timers" in many cases are still quite popular. Shakespeare's plays, though producted time and time again, seem never to lose their attractiveness. Racine's and Moliere's dramas still interest the public. Even some of the old Greek plays can still be produced and draw the interest of many, and the dramatization of the greatest tragedy in human experience does not fail to draw spectators the world over to witness it. The statement that the novel has taken the place of the play is not as true as many believe. No doubt there was a decline in the drama in the last two centuries, but today it is reviving its old vigor and returning with a new freshness.

All dramas do not appeal to all classes of people, because the experience and knowledge of life of all classes is not the same. Right here is one of the factors that should be kept in mind when treating of the popularity of the drama. Perhaps the reason for the great success of a play in one country or section of a country and its failure in another is that it is adopted and appeals to the experience, knowledge and interests of one class of people while not doing so to another, for "plays dearest to the hearts of the public are those in which the greatest number can share the experience of the playwright."

If we may judge from the tendencies of the present day, we may justly infer that the future of the drama will be a glorious one. There is a revival of interest in the drama today and the interest in the novel, the great rival of the drama, is not nearly so keen as formerly. From the past it seems that the interest of the one varies in inverse ratio to that taken in the other. It is gradually becoming realized that the drama is one of the great educative factors of society and is even ranked on a par with our schools. When this realization becomes general and people begin to see the great value of the drama, it is bound to become popular and resume its former place in literature.

—BROTHER JEROME, '28.

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

INA DONNA COOLBRITH will long live in the hearts of poetry and prose lovers. Her name will always be remembered as a truly great interpreter of Nature. She was human—human enough to understand characteristics of the people, and intelligent enough to put her thoughts into words that others might share them.

Like books, poems may be defined as "the best moments of the best minds." There are two essential requisites to prose writing—good thoughts and the ability to express these thoughts into words. Ina Coolbrith had both. In even one of her poems there lies a deep, considerate thought. True, most of them reflect sadness, and treat of such subjects as death, sleep, and the afterworld, nevertheless, they are thoughts.

And after one reads the life of Miss Coolbrith, can he help but wonder at the themes she has chosen? Her whole early life hints at the trials and tribulations that this famous poetess encountered. How she was ever willing to help the unfortunate, regardless of her own state of affairs. Did she not undoubtedly sacrifice many of the pleasures and joys of life to do what she thought a purer and greater act,—the care of her sister's children? Surely she was not obliged to do this. What then was her motive? Without any hesitation, we can safely say that it was her nature—her serene, quiet, unassuming qualities that stamp her as a character entirely worthy of any honors anyone may bestow upon her.

But again I say, "Would not supreme thoughts come to ought if the ability to express them intelligently and interestingly, were absent? And did Ina Coolbrith possess this magnetic power?" One glance at her poetry and the answer is obvious. Miss Coolbrith unquestionably was the possessor of an adequate vocabulary. Words form without hesitancy on the tip of her tongue in response to her ever alert and active mind. Always a keen student, her love of verse helped her materially in forever increasing her liberal stock of thought interpreters.

Miss Coolbrith's poems are of such a type as to appeal readily to the average person. Although comprising thoughts with sufficient picturesqueness to appeal to the educated, yet they are sincere and simple enough to attract the mediocre person. As a teacher of esthetics, it is hard to surpass Ina Coolbrith.

An interesting feature concerning the works of Miss Coolbrith, is the fact that several of her best poems are written about the East Bay landscapes and hills, some of which we, who live here, are extremely familiar. Probably as an advertising medium, these poems are invaluable as they were and are not only read in California, in the Eastern States, but across the Atlantic as well. In England, the name of Ina Donna Coolbrith is well known to students. I might even venture to say that they know more about our own author than we do. This is entirely natural and explainable, as foreign students and universities seem to investigate the authors of other countries to increase and gain a wider knowledge of their subject. The fact that several representatives of foreign countries were present at the "Ina Donna Coolbrith Day" exercises that were held at the Panama-Pacific International Erposition, to pay homage to Miss Coolbrith, only proves that her popularity was not confined to one nation.

She is a credit to the Nation and California can be justly proud to claim her as its own.

—THEODORE MALIANNI, '30.

THE GREEK THEATRE AS SCHOOL FOR THE PEOPLE

ACCORDING to the information handed down to us we find that on the side of literature and learning, the chief glory of the Attic age was the development of the drama. The drama had to be portrayed and acted out to the people, hence, by such impersonations, the idea and compositions of the greatest minds of the age were transferred to the people, who came to the theatre to watch and listen all day. It is needless here to give a full account of the general construction of the theatre itself, for in truth, there was no theatre in the sense that we know it today. It was a gathering of people in the semi-circular seats on a hillside. In some cases as many as seventeen thousand people sat comfortably to listen. The theatre was open to the sky, and at its base was a circular floor, the orchestra, used for dancing and often by the chorus. There was no embellishment beyond something to represent the tomb of the hero, or an altar to a god.

But how, from such simple construction, could this theatre serve as a school for the people? It was the plays and their themes that impressed the people; themes taken from the old hero stories dear to the Greek race. Thus the audience, though without a program or text, and without scenery to aid their imaginations, could anticipate in general the development of the plot, and give themselves to the play, as a general work of art. The words of the actors would commonly explain the plot and the place of action, the chorus, the action itself. But so much for the treatre and its procedure, since it is the educational aspect that interests us on this subject.

Since the drama dealt with events of hero stories, it naturally recalled history to the minds of the people; history which was either mythical or real, but which produced the same effects of culture in each case. The general attitude was that the play was a passion play, like those produced occasionally by the Catholic Colleges of the modern time, and that those who attended such an event would undoubtedly learn something. Then, like the classical opera of today, the language used by the actors was of a type that elevated a standard language as a model for all the existing dialects of the time; hence, the theatre was a school for refined speaking. It taught music, singing and its accompaniment, and dancing. Nothing definite is known of the songs and dances, but that they were also of an educational value is quite conceivable, judging from the fact that they contributed tremendously towards the later progress.

The Greek government of that time was indeed wise in making these gatherings of the people possible, for since there was no school for the common class, it was only on these solemn occasions that the people could share of all the liberal arts which could be found in that gathering at the theatre. It was at this gathering that the Greek social center thrived at its best. In all these occasions, whatever religion the Greeks had, was revived to the extent that it soon dominated within the hearts of the people. It was a mingling of pleasure, duty, and learning. It tended to do away with any existing selfishness, factional rivalries, and lack of personal bravery. It promoted those well-known qualities of the Greeks, namely, modernation, quietness, hospitality, and respect for old age, women, and children.

All these things go to show that culture and the intellectual life had made an enormous advance, and that the Greek theatre played a most important part in schooling the people accordingly.

—THOMAS AUGELLO, '29.

A. P. G. U. LUNCHEON

(Continued from page 1)

in charge has announced that the entire upper floor of the new Elks Building on Broadway in Oakland has been secured, which means that the meeting will be conducted in an exclusive Saint Mary's atmosphere.

Those in charge of the luncheon have left nothing undone to make it a wonderful success, but without the help of the students and members of the Alumni as a whole, it will be a failure. At present all we can do is pause and ask ourselves the question: "Will Saint Mary's Varsity be honored as a great team should, or will the players enter the most important contest of the year knowing that they lack the support of those for whom they have fought so hard through the long season?" For an answer to this question we can only hope that on Tuesday, November 23, 1926, at 12:15 o'clock, in the new Elks Club Building, there will be a capacity crowd to honor Coach "Slip" Madigan and the greatest team of fighting Irish that ever represented the Red and Blue on the football field.

—R. F. F.

Drama

I. R. McVAY

CREOLES

MR RICHARD BENNET has ushered into the Wilkes Theatre a spectacle that makes a great effort to set forth his virtuosity in the star role. The work is entitled "Creoles," and we must say that we can't grow any too enthusiastic after having reviewed it. We are given to understand that the production is being prepared for its Broadway opening by the tryouts on the Pacific Coast, and we feel that the New York audiences, although they may have stood for quite a bit of sophisticated entertainment in the past, may not be willing to tolerate this concoction. As a play, we found that it dragged frightfully, the technique actually creaked at times, and to be perfectly candid, we found ourselves quite bored over the proceedings.

"Creoles" is dished out in three acts, all taking place in the one setting; all the acts being cluttered up with an attempt at a rich and lavish background, to be intermingled with inane discussions of all types of love as written by the dramatists, who seem intent upon filling out the leading role, the character of El Gato, played by Mr. Bennet, with a philosophy of the elemental man bound by no restrictions whatever, and to feel that it is absolutely essential to the success of the pay that a distinct atmosphere be created by the frankest discussion of matters of sex life. We should say that the atmosphere is unique in its results; it is distinctive, but perhaps to a locality that is not particularly noted for any lyrical expression of good taste. One's judgment expresses the notion that this play is in fact not really dramatic, but an undraped lot of dirt that approximates to a high comedy, and we feel prone to ask who shall be interested in the aspirations of the odors of the sewer to befoul cleaner air? Yet such stuff as "Creoles" is exploited with impunity.

The plot evolves from a situation that finds a mother of extremely blue Southern blood, who has humiliated herself to the extent of turning her stately home into a "maison de joie." Of course the whole case is justified by the fact that the change has taken place with the very desirable end in mind of educating a daughter as befitting one of her class. Naturally, the daughter knows nothing of the circumstances and wonders why it has been necessary for her to remain away from home so long. And then one day she presents herself in the old home, and from then on her introduction into the world of reality is done at a very rapid pace. El Gato, the gulf runner, has also chanced to land in the same house, and with as much subtlety as a slap in the face, makes known his reasons for being there. However, he finds himself and his crudities a little out of place and is forced to content himself with an enormous consumption of liquor. In the meantime, the mother, very much wrought up by the untimely arrival of her daughter, has to marry her to a wealthy libertine who happens to be the most powerful man in the locality; all for the purpose of bettering their position in life and removing the smudgy atmosphere from the dignity of the family name. But the daughter is not without ideas of her own, and has, from the moment of her return home, cast a romantic glamor around the figure of the fierce El Gato, who seems very much annoyed by the chattering "little pest," and wants nothing to do with her. Being a persistent mortal, the young daughter is determined to have the man she loves, even if he will have nothing to do with her, and she is likewise determined that she will not marry the suitor picked for her by her mother. A great problem, truly, but the solution is as messy a business as we ever expect to see on the stage. Up to that point the play showed some possibilities, but our "realistic" playwrights preferred to embarrass even the ordinary use of mental faculties by the very "artistic" concept of a young woman throwing herself into the arms of a boisterous, swashbuskling type of pirate. Of course our hitherto intolerant pirate, El Gato, finds that in his breast something has stirred him and it must be love, which means that all barriers are down and he will protect his loved one from the onslaughts of mother and suitor; to take her away on his ship, and there 'neath the stars —**Blah!** There seemed some doubt as to how the play would possibly be finished at this point, so a hurricane, which had been prepared for during the course of the play by the hoarse moaning of an automobile horn, conceived to represent a storm warning, is very conveniently and melodramatically introduced to allow us to grab our hat.

It must require a great deal of managerial self-confidence to invest money in this production, as it has some very severe handicaps to overcome before anyone may be assured of its success, despite the efforts of Richard Bennet. The piece may be taken to New York, but someone is going to suffer the loss of his dollars and cents if too much dependence is placed on the affair as a crowd pleaser; audiences will and do become fed up on such stew.

THE POOR NUT

COLUMNS and columns of newspaper writeups are very agreeable in the matter of publicity, and it behooves those who can take advantage of the fact to do so. So it seems that the fall of each year, while a breathless public remains breathless for a period of eight or ten weeks, during which time much history is made on the gridiron and discussed in the papers, keen promotors of entertainment are not slow to take advantage of all the free advertising. Hence we witness a tendency toward "Collegiate" movies and the exploitation of athletic activities in various forms and shapes in the field of entertainment.

Theatrical managers are ever keen to feel the competition of attractions that take their patronage away, and certainly football season never caused any undue joy in managerial hearts, but it would seem that some one in the executive department of the Alcazar Theatre was wise enough to see the necessity of not attempting to compete with a positive counter-attraction, but rather to invest the theatre with some similar attraction. Such a program is not easily filled, but it was done in this case by setting forth "The Poor Nut." "The Poor Nut" happens to be the title of John Miller (Phil Tead) who isn't a football hero, and in fact isn't much of a hero in any case, until the end of the farce of course. Humble to the point of self-effacement, John Miller is convinced that he could never amount to anything no matter what his opportunity might be. So undeveloped is his ego that in reply to the question of what his name might be, he remarks quite hopelessly, "Well, they usually point at me."

The farce really doesn't amount to much, and becomes rather tedious in the telling; being somewhat thin and sentimental. As a backbone to the affair, the creation of the rather wistful character played by Phil Tead, has been written, to be surrounded by the university atmosphere, which manages to add a unique flavor to the dialogue by reason of the snappy collegiate banter and wisecrack. We can feel that the situations are convincing and within the realm of possibility, although the staging of the second scene of the second act, that of the relay race with the background of the stadium, seemed somewhat awkwardly done.

"The Poor Nut" has managed to work away his spare hours in a bookstore with efficiancy, but very little recognition. In the minds of his fellow students he is a total loss socially; without doubt his case would be hopeless were it not for the fact that he possesses a remarkable ability as a track man. John is quite convinced that the common opinion of his associates is the right one and even more, his running ability he discounts as being a futile attempt at making something of himself.

Then two girls, one a co-ed of Ohio State, the other from a rival university, enter upon the scene. It seems that the girl from the rival university has won a beauty prize, and on the strength of the prize John has conceived a great secret passion, to which he gave expression through the medium of letters filled with much poetry and accounts of his exploits in the social and the athletic field. So well done are the letters that they manage to make the lady very anxious to meet the great Ohio State Miller. So the day arrives when Ohio State is to have the dual meet with the great rival and the girl, together with her fiance, who also happens to be a runner, and captain of the squad in the bargain, arrive in town. Quite naturally, John hardly measures up to advance notices, much to his embarrassment, and the chagrin of the young lady. However, she has studied psychology, and the real John, if he doesn't appeal to her in one way, manages to strike her fancy as a very interesting psychological experiment. In the process of experimentation, our hero's peace of mind is pretty well upset by the presence of so much female society, and he manifests his discomfiture in a manner that evokes wild hilarity from the audience.

The crisis arrives when John Miller is called upon to take his place in the track meet. It is just before the relay and the great speed of John Miller is the only means of winning the meet, but poor John is still suffering from an undeveloped ego, and it looks as though he'll run second in any race. But then the Ohio State co-ed forms the convincing element after all things have failed, together with a mighty draught of grain alcohol, ordinarily used for rubbing purposes. Of course, John wins the relay, and also his power of self-assertion, and the right girl, and is pledged to the most prominent fraternity on the campus—such is the life of a hero.

Phil Tead proves that he is an able farceur in the role of the awkward hero; his is an adept at this burlesque business, and does this role better than any he has yet done. The work in farce is something that few people appreciate; all the wild nonsense that causes so much laughter contains so much movement that only a skilled and practiced actor can do the work successfully, and Mr. Tead does not overplay the part and takes advantage of every opportunity.

—I. R. McVAY.

There is just One Place to go to be

certain of a real good time!

HOTEL OAKLAND

Saturday Dinner Dances

with Puss Donohoe's Wonderful Music

Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINTS, 67—PACIFIC, 7

On November 13 the Saints used tigerly tactics on the Pacific Tigers and made them like it. They out-snarled, out-growled, out-clawed, and out-fought the Stockton Tiger so unmercifully that he yielded to the extent of ten touchdowns. But, as all tigers do, Pacific fought to the end, refusing to "stay put" under the heels of Madigan's herd; the Pacific boys were not to be denied, they got their one touchdown late in the game—but they got it.

There was a crowd of seven thousand on hand to witness the contest, which was considered as Pacific's big game. The whole town of Stockton felt the influence of the Tiger's football climax. The College of the Pacific rooting section entertained the spectators with songs and bleacher stunts during the game. There were about a hundred Saint Mary's students up at Stockton to cheer the Varsity on; the notorious George De Lew being among those present. A good time was had by all—except the Pacific rooters.

Pacific kicked off and the track meet was on. After a few seconds of play Rooney ran 55 yards to deep Pacific territory; Underhill then carried the ball to within a short distance of the goal, where it was carried over by Kasperowics. Mulcahy kicked the goal. The Saints kept on going after making this one and were stopped only by the gun that ended the first half. The score then stood Saint Mary's 35; Pacific 0. The play of the first half was featured by the runs of Jim Underhill, and the passing of Leo Rooney, who tossed two long ones that were instrumental in scoring touchdowns; "Suarky" Farrell received the first of these passes, while "Oxy" Merrick caught the second, both were good for 30 yard gains.

The second half was a repetition of the first half. Merrick, Joe Rooney, Kasper and Gayle Johnson composed the starting backfield combination. A series of passes, Joe Rooney to Merrick, and a plunge by Merrick, resulted in the first touchdown of the second half. The boys maintained the momentum thus gained throughout the remainder of the game and piled up a score of 67 points. Plunges by Kasperowics, the driving runs of Merrick and the reception of forward passes by Scarlett were the effective features of the third and fourth quarters of play. One play in particular furnished the rooters from the "brick-pile" with a thrill; this was the one in which the bare-headed Sig Lein blazed the way for his "buddy," Gayle Johnson, enabling the latter to pack the ball over the goal-line. Pacific's offense consisted of an occasional pass intermingled with running plays that met with no success. They were successful to a certain extent in their passing, as their only touchdown was made via the atmosphere.

The entire Saint Mary's Varsity played wonderful football. The old stand-bys, Rooney, Underhill, Farrell, Frankian, Tobin, Hicks, Mulcahy and Illia, continued to play high caliber football. It was the playing of Kasperowics, Knowles, Merrick and Scarlett that took the eyes of the audience; this quartet sure played the games of their lives against Pacific. Merrick, especially, proved to be the big favorite with those who saw the game. Injuries kept O'Gorman, Watson and Smith out of most of the game, and Al Collins and Bettencourt out of the entire game; Smith, who played the longest of the first mentioned trio, made some nice tackles on defense. In the absence of "Red" Watson from the line-up, Frank Mulcahy took over the duty of kicking the goals after touchdown. He surprised the Saint Mary's rooters with his accuracy. Frank kicked seven successful goals out of eight attempts.

When in Want
SEE "DEV"
—Across the Way—
3054 BROADWAY

CUT-BACKS

From all reports, it is a good thing that the Saints were not outfitted in Knute Rockne's silk football pants on November 6. They would have taken nicely to the Gonzaga mud.

—o—

Ray Knowles and the opposing Gonraga guard had all kinds of fun. They played a little game entitled, "You pile mud on my side and I'll pile mud on your side." The little contest became so exciting that one of the participants lost his head and gave the other a facial mud massage. Ray claims that his complexion is fine since the last treatment.

—o—

"Brownie" Bettencourt, one of the illustrious Fie Fee Feedos, carried a towel with him during the Gonzaga game. His big job was keeping the ball "Free for deMUDcracy."

—o—

"Toots" Kasperowics, the only other member of the Fie Fee Feedos, played a nice game up North at the fullback's position.

—o—

Phil Murphy and Sig Lein started off the Gonzaga trip in fine style. Phil suffered a beautiful shanty over the left eye and Sig was afflicted with an enlargement of the proboscis in the scrimmage immediately preceding the journey. Phil saw the "Northern Lights" in more than one way.

—o—

Jack Scarlett returned to his old time form. They claimed that he gave a wonderful exhibition of end-playing in the Gonzaga contest.

—o—

"Scotty" MacIntyre is the real "hard luck kid" this year. He was all set to make the trip up North when he sustained a head injury in scrimmage the day the Varsity left. On top of this the injury became infected and Ray spent a few days at the hospital. MacIntyre's leg had been bothering him the entire season, but it seems that this burden wasn't large enough. Hard Luck sure makes work-horses of some persons.

—o—

The Varsity, with Coach Slip Madigan as Master of Ceremonies, gave "Red" Watson a real send-off at Salem. "Red" knew of their plans, and got off three cars below, but he forgot to reckon with one detail. This detail came dashing up to the Varsity car before it had come to a full stop. So "Red" had to run up and save the day. The send-off came about as planned. Too bad, "Red"—don't forget that, at times, details are very important.

—o—

"Cowboy" Smith and Phil Murphy continued their long string of conquests in the North-land. Not saying what kind.

—R. J. A.

SAINT MARY'S TO THE FRONT

This seems to be the year of the Catholic colleges. In the East and Middlewest, Notre Dame, Holy Cross, and Georgetown have all given an admirable account of themselves on the gridiron, but the college that has commanded the gaze of a million eyes, the length and breadth of the country, is our own Saint Mary's.

Our defeat of California started the fireworks, and ever since, the public has expected wonders of us. So far, we have come up to all expectations. Every day we receive letters from every part of the country, telling us of the gossip we have stirred up in different sections. The Eastern papers are all ringing with our victories, and the world's best football scribes have been forced to acknowledge our superiority and to acclaim our power. We used to be allotted a small space in the daily papers, announcing our games, victories, and prospects; but now our names are emblazoned in bold type across the tops of the sport sheets.

We have our first wonder team this year, and, judging from the material and potency of our first Freshman squad, we shall continue to have great teams in the years to come.

—E. S.

BE A BOOSTER

When Saint Mary's was a losing team she needed support and she got it. Now she is a winning team, and she needs more support than ever to maintain her position. In all of our games this season we have had a good student body representation, but it was never 100 per cent.

On November 27 our Varsity meets Santa Clara in "The Little Big Game" of the coast. It is the duty of every loyal son of Saint Mary's to attend that game, to root, to sell tickets, and to spread the news of it to the four corners of the earth. Fill Kezar Stadium and turn hundreds away for lack of seating facilities, and we will have attained that coveted position in the public's eye that we have so long desired.

Undoubtedly, all of you have witnessed some game of the larger universities and saw their large student bodies, their wondrous bands and their clever bleacher stunts, and, deep down in your heart, you wished that your college, Saint Mary's, had all these assets. Well, Saint Mary's can have these, in a short time, if you help your college in every way you know how. Do your bit and the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara game will be the talk of the season.

—E. S.

College Men's Styles

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Sports

GEORGE W. CLAUSE ED SMIDDY

THE GONZAGA TRIP
By Jack Bill

The Saint Mary's squad and party, twenty-seven strong, left Oakland at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, accompanied by the cheers of the student body and speeches by Brother Lawrence and Brother Agnon. The squad retired soon after boarding the train.

Wednesday was quietly spent playing cards and enjoying the scenery from the observation car. At Roseburg the team went through a series of setting up exercises for ten minutes. Late in the afternoon one of the party was seen to become fidgety and nervous. No one realized that anything serious was about to happen, but at eight-thirty we arrived at Salem where we were to stop ten minutes. All the fellows got off the train and, strange to relate, a beautiful young lady was seen running, arms outstretched, in the general direction of Al Collins. It seems that there was some mistake as Al stood petrified in his tracks. (Typist's note. "There must have been.") The young woman then uttered a little shriek and fell into "Red" Watson's welcome arms. The team, headed by "Cowboy" and Merrick, serenaded the happy couple with two songs—"Where Were You Last Night," and "Sweet Beverly." Al Collins bemoaned his tough luck all through the trip.

We arrived in Portland at ten-thirty Wednesday night. The next day the team held strenuous practice, which lasted from one to three o'clock. We left at eight-thirty Thursday night for Spokane. The party was now increased to twenty-nine, Pat O'Rourke being one of the new members. Pat was in wonderful health and all the boys were glad to see him.

Friday morning we were met at the train by Gonzaga's graduate manager, Mr. Boyle, and a reception committee. They drove us to the hotel and afforded us every convenience possible. Friday afternoon the team took a light workout at the Gonzaga stadium. Friday evening was spent in watching Dick Dix score a touchdown in "The Quarterback." Little did the team realize that they would play on a field identical with the one Dix starred on. An hour after the team went to bed the rain began and did not stop until the game started.

THE GAME

Gonzaga kicked off to Saint Mary's after all the bands in Spokane had played the "Star Spangled Banner." Headed by Captain Jim Underhill we marched right to the goal line, but the poor condition of the field stopped our plays in the shadow of the goal posts. They kicked out of danger and again we ran to the goal line. The entire game was a repetition of Saint Mary's driving to the goal posts, and Gonzaga, with the help of the muddy field, punting out of danger. In the second quarter O'Gorman fumbled on our 25 yard line. Ingram tossed a pass to Hunton for a first down on our 15 yard line; this was the only time Gonzaga penetrated our 45 yard line. In three tries at the line, including one pass, Gonzaga lost 15 yards. They then attempted a field goal which was quickly smothered by our line.

Gonzaga kicked off at the start of the third quarter and again we marched to the goal line; but this time a forward pass for a touchdown failed and we lost the ball. A few minutes later Watson attempted a field goal from the 30 yard line; it failed by inches. "Cowboy" Smith and Merrick did some good work in this quarter.

In the fourth quarter Leo Rooney returned to the game and threw a pass to Captain Jim Underhill, who ran to the 25 yard line. In one play Leo Rooney ran to the 14 yard line for a first down. Three plays then netted 9 yards and Sparky Farrell attempted to make it first down on a quarter-back sneak; he failed, due largely to the muddy field. The game ended with Saint Mary's sons fighting like madmen, marching from their twenty yard line to Gonzaga's 38 yard line where they had a first down.

Ingram was the big star for Gonzaga, followed closely by Gray, center, and Walterskirchen, guard. Hunton did some fine punting toward the end of the game. The whole Saint Mary's team starred. From end to end, the Spokane fans saw the finest exhibition of line work ever seen on the Coast. Bettencourt again proved that he is the greatest center ever produced in the West, and an All-American if there ever was one. Hicks and Tobin tore the opposing line wide open. Mulcahy and Watson played wonderfully, both on the defense and the offense. Frankian, Scarlett and Collins were never taken out of a play and never failed to down the receiver of our punts. In the backfield, Rooney and Underhill, the phantom gallopers, wallowed and side-stepped their way for fine gains; they are both perfect halfbacks. "Sparky" Farrell was a bear-cat on defense, knocking down passes and stopping end runs. Kasper's interferance was one of the bright spots of the game. The substitutes lived up to Madigan's greatest expectations, proving by their excellent playing that they are as good as the regulars. Saint Mary's totaled well over 300 yards from scrimmage, while Gonzaga was piling up a meagre 75 yards.

After the game the team was treated to the finest dinner ever. The pheasant banquet given by Mr. Day of the class of '85 will live long in the memory of those who attended.

We boarded the train for Portland at 8:45 P. M. Saturday, and arrived there at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. We all jumped in taxis and went to Mass at the Cathedral. Our train left at 8:00; a quiet day was spent coming once more to the golden sunshine of California. The rousing reception that greeted the team at the station proved that the whole College backed the boys to the last ditch.

"Slip" Madigan and his men deserve great commendation and praise for the manly way in which they took the result of the game. It was hardly possible to realize that Saint Mary's could get nothing better than a tie score after so overwhelmingly outplaying Gonzaga. Saint Mary's can take a disappointment better than she can a victory. Praise again, to "Slip" and his "Galloping Gaels."

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SAINTS VS. BRONCOS

Once again the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara "Big Game" rolls around. Once again the Saints claim that they'll down the Broncos; once again the Broncos affirm that they'll defeat the Saints. Once again the public says, "Who knows?" Who knows? If Brother Agnon doesn't know, no one else does; we have not approached him upon the question as yet. But this much everyone knows, "the Saints are in for a tough battle on November 27." Keep that in mind, all ye optimists.

To attempt to dope out the respective strength of the two squads by comparative scores would result in getting nowhere, as they are so consistently inconsistent that only a Chinese laundryman could make something out of them. We have given up the problem in utter despair. Some of the scores are given below; if you can get some information as to the strength of the teams from them you win the box of mahogany matches. Here they are:

Saint Mary's 34—Army 6.
Saint Mary's 26—California 7.
Saint Mary's 21—Olympic Club 0.
Saint Mary's 13—Nevada 0.

Santa Clara 30—Army 6.
Santa Clara 7—California 13.
Santa Clara 13—Olympic Club 0.
Santa Clara 25—Nevada 0.

From these scores the teams appear to be fairly even. However, what about this: The Saints beat the Olympians 21-0, the Olympians held Stanford 7-3, and Stanford defeated Santa Clara 33-14, using third, fourth and fifth string players. Does it mean anything?

Santa Clara has the faculty of invariably playing a wonderful game against Saint Mary's, even sometimes above their heads. It is a "Big Game," and in "Big Games" comparative scores mean nothing. So let it be with Caesar. Don't forget that the Broncos come to bury the Saints, not to praise them. So pull with the Varsity, fight with the Varsity, hold with the Varsity and, if things come our way, you'll celebrate with the Varsity.

—R. J. A.

GET THE SPIRIT!

Here's your chance to show the real Saint Mary's spirit. The student body is planning a monster rally for the Saint Mary's-Santa Clara game, to eclipse all those of previous years. We want to have a rally chuck full of originality, pep, spirit, and cleverness. It's up to each fellow in the college to volunteer his services and to display his talents. The committees cannot go around searching for talent, individually, so come forth and strut your stuff. It won't be just the members of the school who will attend this affair, but the alumni, parents, friends, strangers, and the general public. So put it over big! Show the public that we are for the team and for the school, and that we appreciate what "Slip" Madigan and our team has done for us.

—E. S.

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Saint Mary's High School

SAINT MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL LOSES TO BERKELEY

Playing their best game of the season, the Preps lost to Berkeley High by a close score of 13-7. The Preps were playing under difficulties inasmuch as they were penalized several times at very vital moments and they deserved to win. Although Berkeley had more substitutes than Saint Mary's had players, the score was 7 all at halftime. It was only late in the last quarter that the Yellow-jackets annexed another, when a Berkeleyan picked up a dropped punt and raced forty yards over the Saints' goal line.

It is difficult to determine just who starred in the game, for all the Preps played well. However, the work of Joe O'Leary, "Red" Hughes and "Silver" Money on the line was exceptional. These men were in every play and threw the Berkeley backs for many a loss.

Barney Clougherty and John O'Donnell starred in the backfield, and gained most of the "Trotting Terrors'" yardage. Barney bucked the ball for half the length of the field for a touchdown, while Johnnie caught passes and reeled off a couplé of forty-yard runs without apparent effort.

The Preps lost, but they showed that they are a real threat to any team at any time. The boys gave Berkeley a lot of trouble, and Coach Hungerford was more than satisfied as was every rooter in the stands.

We'll get 'em next year!

THE 145'S

Coach Ellsworth Heinze informs the student-body that he is well satisfied with the work being done by his team. Davis at end has been one of his mainstays throughout the season, while O'Brien has featured every game with long runs. Brimo is another backfield luminary and promises to develop into a flashy back. "Buzz" Loughery is a center par excellence. Mr. Heinze contends that his running mates on the line have performed consistently all season. The entire backfield is composed of third year men and the high school team of next year should not lack material.

SAINTS TIE ALAMEDA

Though aided by a few doubtful decisions the Alameda team could only tie with Saint Mary's. It was rather a dull contest, being married by much official intrference, but the Preps strove to make things interesting for everyone. In a measure they succeeded, for they uncovered plenty of "stuff" and gained no little yardage in the face of unaccountable penalties.

Barney Fortney fairly shone at center. It seems Barney can stand no end of battering and still throw the opposition back towards their own goal. "Doc" McGettigan at left half ran hither and thither, threw passes all over the lot, and no one seemed to be able to do anything about it. Siber's work at end was of no little consequence, and Alameda made few yards around end.

Plans are at the present time pending to play Alameda again this season, but at the present time no definite information is available.

FOURTH HIGH RECEIVES RINGS

After three anxious weeks of waiting the graduating class finally received their rings from the jewelers. If one sees a group of students standing about with downcast eyes, one must not judge that they have flunked out. They are merely admiring the glistening adornment about their fingers.

—F. LYNCH, Comm. '27.

Alumni

HARRY L. DAY

Harry L. Day, '85, one of those graduates one reads about but seldom sees, came all the way from Wallace, Idaho, to give the Saint Mary's football team a reception dinner at the Hotel Spokane in Spokane, Washington. The boys claim that the banquet was most complete, that they particularly enjoyed the orchestra in attendance and that their one regret was that they had to leave so soon to board the train back to Oakland. Father Fitzgerald, the President of the Gonzaga University, was also present. Harry Day welcomed the team, and Father Fitzgerald and Brother Gregory addressed those present.

Harry Day has ever shown a most active interest in the welfare of the College, always being ready to do his utmost for the general good of Saint Mary's. It was he who largely contributed to the reconstruction work on the College after the first of 1918. Later he gave a donation for the purchasing of new athletic equipment for the football team. And in the recent campaign drive for a new Saint Mary's, Harry Day again made a large contribution. In coming all the way from Wallace, Idaho, to give a reception to the football team, Harry Day showed that the Saint Mary's spirit of '85 has certainly not diminished, and all the team assert that the dinner was the "best ever."

SACRAMENTO ALUMNI UNIT

The Sacramento Unit of the Alumni Association held an organization dinner at the Travelers Hotel in Sacramento on November 6, 1926. Clif Russell, '11, was toastmaster, and Brother Agnon and Brother Joseph, local Provincial, were the principal speakers. The officers of the Unit elected were: President, C. A. Russell, '11; Vice-President, C. W. Deterding, '06; Secretary, Al Westlake, '25; and Treasurer, Peter Mitchell, '22. A Board of Directors was chosen, the chairman of which was John J. McLaughlin, '88, who was the oldest alumnus present. Others members were J. Giles Miller, '18; William P. Dwyer, '97; Frank E. Michel, '00; Henry Gianella, '08, of Chico; John Herrero, '16, of Stockton; Leo Smith, '09, of Marysville, and Andrew Perovich, '17, of Jackson.

STOCKTON ALUMNI UNIT

The Stockton Unit of the Alumni Association gave a reception and dinner for the Saint Mary's football team after their game with the College of the Pacific. Clif Russell, '11, was toastmaster and the principal speakers were Brother Agnon, Brother Lawrence, "Slip" Madigan, "Bodie" Andrews, Leo Rooney, who was captain for the game, Andrew Perovich, '17, and George E. Catts, '81, who was the oldest St. Mary's graduate present. There were approximately eighty people at the banquet. The committee in charge consisted of John Herrero, '16; George E. Catts, '81; Sam Dutart, ex-'26; Geo. Chapdelaine, '18, and Leo Schwartz, '11. The reception was a great success, particularly in view of the fact that the committee had but a week to make necessary arrangements.

BILL O'GRADY

Word has been received from Bill O'Grady, '26, now in attendance at Creighton University, in Omaha, Nebraska. Al Ferrari, '28, is there with him, and both report that they are busily kept at the "grind." Nevertheless Bill found time to place bets on the Saint Mary's-California football game, the outcome of which led to a celebration which will go down in the annals of the municipality of Omaha. Bill claims to be on very intimate terms with all the police in the city. O'Grady also pays tribute to Brother Agnon, say that while he has met many teachers of high repute, he has yet to find Brother Agnon's equal, and that no one really appreciates him until after he has left Saint Mary's.

BOB HADLEY

Bob Hadley, '23, associated with the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco, was recently married.

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On and Off Campus

HAIL TO THE VARSITY!

On Monday morning, November 8, an enthusiastic and excited student body, headed by Yell-leaders Carroll and Arata, gathered at the Southern Pacific's Sixteenth Street Station to greet our undefeated Varsity Football Team on its return from an invasion of the North. The train pulled in amid the cheering of some three hundred students and as each member of the team stepped to the platform, cheers that made the building ring, rent the air.

Our new bus was on hand to convey the boys back to the College which, followed by the students in automobiles, made an impressionable sight. With horns blowing, and sirens blowing the array of some one hundred cars continued in unbroken line to the College, where the team was again received with rousing cheers, handshakes, and many a hearty slap on the back, which was brought to a close with the singing of the College song.

It was a fitting reception, worthy of any college football team, and it is with pleasure that we take this means of thanking the Student Body for its splendid turn-out. Our football team is proud of you. Saint Mary's is proud of you. It was good work, and we hope to see more like it in the future.

CHARLEMANGE CLUB

An informal card evening for members was held on Monday, November 8. Preceding the social part of the evening was a short business meeting. Mr. Biane outlined tentative plans for future meetings, which were discussed, and other suggestions offered by members.

It has been decided to leave the club room open from one to three every afternoon for the benefit of French or German students who might desire to make use of the club library. A hundred or more volumes representative of both French and German literature, and including grammars and dictionaries, make up the collection. The library will be further augmented by purchasing of at least one book weekly, and by subscribing to some French and German periodicals.

EDITOR OF "ANNUAL" IS CHOSEN

At a spirited meeting of the Junior Class on Tuesday, November 9th, Arthur Aikin was chosen editor of The Collegian Annual, which will be published by the Juniors, class of 1928. The elected caused considerable interest, as such an important issue held upon its decision. After a few minutes of campaigning and a few more of balloting, it was decided that Arthur Aikin was the best man in the class to edit what is going to be Saint Mary's greatest annual Collegian.

In Aikin the Juniors have chosen a man who is unquestionably fitted for and capable of handling this most important work. Aikin has contributed articles to The Collegian paper ever since he entered college, and his work has been of such merit that this year he was chosen as editor of the book department of The Collegian. This section of the paper requires an unusual amount of work, but Aikin has attended to this task so diligently that the book review section has been larger and better than ever this year. He writes clearly and interestingly, showing a well-rounded knowledge and understanding of what constitutes suitable reading matter for college students.

JUNIOR ENGINEERS INSPECT ESTUARY TUBE

The Junior class of the Saint Mary's Engineers, accompanied by their instructor, Mr. Saph, were among the company of a group of members of The American Society of Engineers, who, on Saturday, November 6, were on a combined inspection and educational tour of the various points of interest connected with the construction of the sub-aqueous tube joining Oakland and Alameda.

Including the approaches the subway measures 4,800 feet. Deducting the Alameda and the Oakland approaches, approximately 1,100 feet, the actual length of the sub-aqueous tube in 3,724 feet. This tube is constructed of reinforced concrete sections, 2.5 feet thick and 200 feet long. The sections are "poured," or formed in a dry dock at Hunter's Point, practically five miles from the estuary, are sealed, then floated to the scene of the tube construction, and, while still sealed, are sunk into their proper places by means of sand and water. It is estimated that a single section weighs 5,000 tons.

When completed the tube will accommodate two car tracks, other forms of vehicular traffic will follow the street cars, and a raised walk, on either side of the tube for pedestrian accommodation.

SCIENCE CLUB INSTALLS NEW EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Owing to vacancies caused by the resignation of J. Rogers and the absence of F. Roumage, the Science Club held a meeting for the election of a new president and vice-president. William Page was chosen to succeed Justin Rogers as president, and Neil Flood will occupy the vice-president's chair, formerly held by Fred Roumage.

The new executives intend to follow the precedent set by their worthy predecessors, and the club will continue to function as an organization, the purpose of which is to arouse interest in scientific and cultural activities.

Those students of Saint Mary's College who major in science are eligible for membership to the Science Club. Students wishing further information on membership to the club will be accommodated by the officers, W. Page, N. Flood, T. Burns, T. Guerin, or by any member of the club.

SENIOR CLASS HOLDS MEETING

Under the leadership of its rather portly but ambitious president, the Senior Class of 1927 assembled on Wednesday, November 10, in one of the most interesting and important meetings of the year. Mr. Alfred Patrick Collins, class president, conducted the affair with the neatness and dispatch quite worthy of a seasoned executive, and many momentous questions were treated and decided in real businesslike fashion.

The first matter considered was that of the Collegian Annual. Mr. Clarence Carroll spoke at length of the value of the Annual, both to the college and the students, especially to the outgoing Seniors, who are allotted considerable space on the pages of the yearbook. The class was unanimous in pledging its support to the work and in offering any assistance it might be capable of contributing to the Junior editors.

As the crowning climax of the football season, the Big Game between Saint Mary's and Santa Clara, is fast approaching, it was deemed appropriate to discuss the part that the Senior Class should play in the big rally held prior to this contest. According to tradition, each class must furnish a certain number of acts on the rally program, and the class of '27 does not intend to be outdone in the coming affair by any other class, past, present or future. A committee of real live Seniors, Oliva, Clark and Murray, was appointed to arrange the Senior program.

Taking advantage of the privilege allowed Seniors to wear the official emblem of the College, the question of choosing a suitable Senior pin was next in order. As a number of prominent jewelers around the bay have requested the pleasure of submitting samples and estimates of rings, pins and charms, it was decided to examine bids and samples before choosing the type of emblem for the class.

While the Seniors of the Class of '27 are primarily interested in books, assignments and classroom duties, they are not wholly without interest in affairs of a social nature. In the past years the entertainments and dansants fostered by the Senior Class of the College have always been regarded as the most notable social events on the school calendar, and this year promises to be no exception to the rule. Under the guidance of a committee well-known in the society of the Bay Districts, a program of high-class events is now being planned, starting with a dance and entertainment before Christmas and ending with the Senior Formal before Commencement.

The conclusion of the meeting found the Seniors as a whole enthused and inspired, and determined to make their remaining days at Saint Mary's, days which they will always remember as the most profitable and happiest of their lives.

—R. F. F.

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Books

MARK AIKIN

JESUS CHRIST, THE EXILED KING

Rev. Henry Woods, S. J.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1926

TO A WORLD turned against Christ, and to souls who reach vainly after His shadow, Father Woods' book comes with a two-fold message. He has grasped a topic of the most urgent moment,—a topic which is discussed in periodicals, which forms the theme of flaming posters, and which fills lecture halls with diversely opinioned throngs. In fewer or more words it gains expression, but when stripped of all glamor, is recognized as that uttered by the Pharasees nearly two thousand years ago: "What Think You of Christ?" They ask it today, derisively; they ask, too, in such earnest that we who are Catholics can scarcely comprehend. For nowhere, not in all the world is Christ to be found still reigning, "the immortal King of the Ages"—nowhere, save in the Catholic Church.

Father Woods does not harangue; he is not fantastical; nor does he send his book forth as an armed crusader, intent to coerce men into acknowledgement of the King. The solid logic of his arguments places them beyond cavil, his persuasion is appealing, and above all, he has a passion for truth which must give pause to the veriest zealot among non-Catholics—if indeed, modern Protestantism can boast a solitary zealot! Christ, without the Church, has become a myth; the Apostles Creed, a fable; and the doctrines of Heaven and Hell have retreated along with the Lethe, Elysium, and the Styx, into the realm of poetic fancy. But yet there are souls who shrink to believe the Gospels a lie. They see Christ beckoning,—but where? It is only through books like this, quiet, yet intensely alive, that they may ever hope to find the Exiled King.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

Benziger Brothers, N. Y., 1926

Apropos to the coming season of Christmas are four books, fresh from the Benziger press. Father Finn is the author of one—another is by John Uniack, a new writer. Particularly appropriate, I say, are these books, for in another month a question something like this will loom: "Gosh! I'd like to give something to Bud (or Tom, or Joe) and I don't want to spend more than a dollar. Let's see. . ." And so you'll ponder, and the little fellow will either receive nothing, or perhaps some handkerchiefs, or a cheap necktie, or any of those gifts so thoroughly detested by boys—especially by boys between the ages of six and twelve. Of course you don't have to give him anything,—he is probably only a neighbor, but is it not possible that a book given by a college man will awake in him vague stirrings? You know how it is! But the "stirrings" assuredly will be vague if you select a copy of Carlyle: "Such meat is not for babes." Certainly, infinite care should be exercised in your choice, for mistakes made at this time are not easily remedied. They may, and too often do result in a lifelong distaste for reading! Still a greater danger, morally, may come of poorly selected literature, and this is stressed by Judge Lindsay, who had wide experience with incorrigibles. He says:

"I recall a group of boys in my courtroom. In the trunk of one of them, in an attic, were found hundreds of cheap juveniles, and I think they had much to do with the misdirected energy and spirit of adventure in these boys, which instead of taking the wholesome channels, took to really serious crime. The coarse, cheap appeal of some of this literature is certainly dangerous."

On the other hand, "goody-goody" books, wherein virtuous Algy triumphs over the rough and ready Mike, leave the young readers with the impression that Mike is something of a martyred hero, and virtue a thing studiously to be eluded. The ideal books for boys are those written by men who themselves were once boys, and who in a certain sense have never grown up. Our Catholic writers of boy-fiction are specialists in this field. They know that boys like to read about real boys, about their pranks, and their wonderful adventures at the boarding schcool. They know, too, that the boy is not a simpleton, but has a young, alert mind, which is eagerly grasping at the great truths which life so slowly unfolds.

The books we thus heartily recommend are: Candles' Beams," a set of short stories by Francis Finn, S. J.; an exciting tale by John Uniack, "Making The Eleven," which relates Tommy Barry's achievements at St. Michael's; "Schooner Ahoy," by Orving T. McDonald—a real thriller; and last, though proverbally not least, a story for sister by Mary Wirries, entitled, "Mary Rose Graduate."

THE DANCE OF WORDS

Irene Mawer

J. M. Dent & Sons, London, 1925

Whatever may be said of aesthetic dancing, certainly when words are made to dance the sensation is delightful. Miss Mawer modestly declines styling herself a poet. She is a dancer, and has taught words to dance to the mystic spell of word-rhythm. Her creations are unique in that they actually convey movement and color. Seekers after wisdom will find nothing in this little book, nor will those devoid of imagination. The author is deliberately a devotee to beauty. He who can visualize words, and sense vividly all they convey, will find here a new world of poetic enjoyment. We feel compelled to quote in part her impression of "Dusk," which, if read slowly, will conjure up a picture of most delicate shades.

"Dusk is winged
With moths,
Shod in silence,
Wreathed with dream.

The tangled hair
Of dusk
Is perfumed,
With myrrh of night.
Dusk floats and falls,
Intangible."

FANCIES VERSUS FADS

G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company

In the introduction of this volume of essays G. K. tells us that, though it is a scrap book, it is not altogether scrappy—and we agree with him. It is a highly interesting book of essays on topics that range from "lady barristers to cave-men; and from psychoanalysis to free verse."

The book as a whole, smacks of G. K.'s inimitable nonsense and therefore makes very interesting reading, to say nothing of the intellectual fodder to be had. Some very illuminating passages are to be found in "The Romance of Rhyme" wherein he defends the enjoyment (as legitimate) of nonsensical or childish rhyming. It is in this essay that we find him saying, "What is the matter with the modern world is that it is trying to get simplicity in everything but the soul."

G. K. has a way of ridiculing some impractical scheme or some illogical argument that completely smothers the opposition. We see him at his best in the essay on "The Fear of the Film." After recounting several cases where children have been known to suffer after seeing a film that showed men using knives for no good purpose, he tells us of our watchful reformers who would have us abolish all films, or if not all, those that portray knives. G. K. would prefer some particulars about the child and not about the film. For if there is any consistency in the argument it must need follow that "The Merchant of Venice" be taboo to children since Shylock is seen waving a knife with no good intent. Likewise Macbeth must go by the rail lest some tender mind be unbalanced by the gruesome sight of a knife. We could still carry the argument into other fields and prohibit the use of the word "caramel" because it might conjure up a "cannibal" in the child's mind. In this manner G. K. takes some twenty topics and deals with them as he alone can deal with them.

G. W. C.

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